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APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC,

ON THE CONDUCT OF

Mrs. G O O C H,

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THE WIFE OF

WILLIAM GOOCH, Esq.

✱—————✱  
WRITTEN BY HERSELF.  
✱—————✱

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, at No. 46, JOHNSON'S-HEAD, FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

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## PREFACE.

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**SOME** alleviation of our distresses is always derived from communication; and it is one of the most amiable offices of private friendship to blunt the sting of misery by a participation of our sorrows. But as friendship will seldom bear the test of adversity, and shrinks into nothing at the frown of fortune, so those who are most in need of its comforts, generally find themselves most destitute of its support; and are then privileged to make an appeal to the public. It is under this unfortunate sanction that the following pages  
are



## P R E F A C E.

are submitted to the reader. I boast no advantages that can render me equal to the task of writing for the press: I am unskilled in eloquence; the only merit of the following sheets is a strict adherence to truth. I lay claim to some indulgence for the style, and more to pity for the subject.

*Elizabeth Sarah Villa-Real Gooch.*

FLEET PRISON,

Jan. 1, 1788.

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\* \* \* *The original and only copy of this APPEAL being destroyed by an inevitable accident, subsequent to the work being advertised, the indulgence of the Reader is requested to such inaccuracies as may have occurred in the haste of composition, and will no doubt be granted, when the unmerited and melancholy situation of Mrs. GOOCH is considered.*



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A N  
A P P E A L, &c.

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I HAVE lived long in hopes that I should not be forced thus publicly to lay open to the world the many injuries I have endured; after having borne them in silence for ten years, I would be still satisfied to do so, did not my situation and my embarrassments force me to complain, and to appeal to the laws of my country, and before the tribunal of Justice.

'Till the age of seventeen, the tender care of one Parent, made up to me, in some degree, my early loss of the other. Sole heiress to my father's fortune, I was educated with the idea that I was born to be perfectly and completely happy.

B

In



In the beginning of the year 1775, being just returned from school, I accompanied my mother on a visit to the late Lord *Ducie's* in Gloucestershire, where we passed six weeks, and from thence to Bath. — It was immediately reported that my fortune was much more considerable than it really was, and it soon attracted me the attention of those many individuals drawn there by the hope of making a splendid establishment. It was my misfortune to give the preference to Mr. *Gooch*, and to tell him so. Proposals from his father and himself soon followed. My mother disapproved the connection; but not choosing herself to determine on so important a point, she brought me to London, to consult with my uncles, and my aunt, on the subject, and on the same day, all *Sir Thomas Gooch's* family arrived in Town also, The knowledge of my independence, and my infatuation, prevailed against the advice of all my own friends, and we were married at St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 13th of May following.

To



To excuse the hasty step I then took, I must be allowed to plead my youth, and total ignorance of the world, the artifices employed by Mr. *Goode* to determine me on a speedy conclusion, and the childish ideas which filled my mind of being mistress of myself, and that I was going to shine with that splendour to which I thought myself intitled.

On the day of the marriage, we went to the house of my father in law at Hampton, with the intention of passing a few months. My mother accompanied, but soon left me there. A fortnight had not elapsed after her departure, before I began to feel heavily the weight of the yoke I had brought upon myself; and even now, at this distant period, my mind recoils at the remembrance of what I was doomed to suffer. My extreme inexperience could not shut my eyes: it was impossible for me to avoid perceiving the very great, the very improper intimacy that subsisted between my husband and another person under his father's roof, and that I was considered more as an incumbrance, than as an advantage to the family. From  
this



this moment, insults succeeded to indifference ; the mask was thrown off, and I severely felt that I had been sacrificed to interest. Sorrow preyed upon my heart ; I saw myself for the first time of my life, destitute of all my natural friends, and surrounded only by strangers, who seemed to vie with each other, which most could distress me, and whose sole aim was to eradicate the first appearance of affection for me, which they might perceive likely to grow in the breast of him, to whom alone I could now look up for protection, and for whom I had sacrificed every worldly good !

A faithful woman-servant of my mother's, whom she had left with me, was now become my only confidant: and from her, my mother, then in Yorkshire, became acquainted with my situation ; the pressing letters I received from her to go there, and the express injunctions of my uncles, who declared my health to be in danger if I did not, determined Mr. *Gooch* on indulging this wish of my heart ; and we left his father's house. I was received at my mother's  
with



with a tenderness which made me more than ever  
ament my sad separation from my own family.

Mr. *Gooch* took a house at York, where I laid in of my  
eldest son; and the year following, resided in a house  
belonging to Sir *William Milner*, at Nun-Appleton Park,  
where I laid in of my youngest. We lived in Yorkshire  
above two years. Mr. *Gooch* had cruelly deprived me of  
the maid mentioned, because he thought her a spy  
upon his actions, and those of his family; but it was the  
only mark of his unkindness I had to complain of, as  
we lived happily together, and should still have done  
so, had Mr. *Gooch* complied with my reasonable request,  
that of never more taking me amongst his own rela-  
tions.

7

In the latter end of the year 1778, he insisted on my  
accompanying him to his father's house at Bath. In  
vain I urged every intreaty to dissuade him. I felt  
that such a step, would end, as it was proved, in utter  
ruin. We went there, leaving the children in York-  
shire, and, as I thought, with the resolution of soon  
returning.

C

But



But the period to my happiness was now arrived. It was time to put in execution the black scheme formed against me, and nothing was left wanting to complete it, but a trivial pretence, which my own liveliness of disposition, and inexperience of the world soon furnished.

After passing a few weeks at Sir *Thomas's* house, Mr. *Gooch* informed me, that his intention being to continue at Bath, he should give up the house we had in Yorkshire, and send for the children. I made use of every argument against it, and for our return to the peaceful life we had quitted, and to a place I was particularly fond of; but my intreaties were ineffectual: all I could obtain from him, was permission to take a house to ourselves in Bath, which he agreed to, and which was taken accordingly.

My situation began to grow every day more and more urksome to me; the large circle of acquaintance I had formed; the hurry of dissipation in which I lived, were ill suited to my disposition, which, however



ever volatile in appearance, has always preferred serene to mistaken pleasures, and the real advantages of study and society, to the fluctuating scenes of empty enjoyment.

My mother was at this time at Lord *Ducie's*, in the Isle of Wight. My uncles, and the rest of my relations were in London; I wrote to them all, and begged their advice and protection: I had not a friend near me, nor a person in whom I could confide. The answer of one of my uncles (Doctor *Hallifax*,) was; as he has told me since, to desire me to come immediately to his house in Town, and that he would support me against all my enemies. This letter I never received, nor saw, to this hour; neither did I hear from my mother; and my silence to them, on the subject of their letters, was again interpreted against me.

My love of music was the rock on which it was ordained for me to split. It has been my constant and favourite amusement from my infancy; and my resource in affliction when all others were denied me.

Bath



Bath afforded me an opportunity of cultivating my knowledge of it. Subscription concerts were held every Saturday alternately at the Subscribers' houses. Lady Gooch was one of them. Signor *Rauzzini* was at Bath, universally followed, and admired. He had many scholars; and I, wishing to improve myself in Italian music, unfortunately added to the number.

*Rauzzini* had attended me about six weeks; being one night at the rooms, he gave me a paper, which I conceived to be a bill of the evening's entertainment; and shewed it as such to a lady (the Hon. Mrs. *Blake*), with whom I was walking. We perceived it to be in writing, and in French; the purport of it was exactly as follows. "*That he could not attend me the next morning, being obliged to go a few miles out of Town: that he should return in the evening, and go to the rooms, purposely for the pleasure of seeing me there.*" This was nothing more than the usual French style; it was neither dated, signed, nor directed. I put it into my pocket, and the next morning, when Signor *Rauzzini*, contrary to his intentions, came to give me a lesson,



a lesson, I shewed it to him, and instead of replacing it in my pocket, let it accidentally fall to the ground.

I must here observe for a moment the extreme artifice and cruelty employed in this affair by Mr. *Gooch's* family, both against the Signor *Rauzzini* and myself. Had they chosen any one else to serve as the instrument of their vengeance against me, it is more than probable that person would have brought forward the truth, and justified my conduct and his own, perhaps at the expence of his life ; but every one who knows Mr. *Gooch*, is acquainted with the quietness of his disposition, and his antipathy to meeting any gentleman in an unamicable manner. *Rauzzini* was then the properest ; nay, the only proper victim to be chosen. A foreigner, of very unequal birth to Mr. *Gooch*, and whose only support was from the public ; who had no other friends than those who admired his talent, of an inoffensive disposition, and one of those individuals whose every virtue seems to have been eradicated with their fate : Such was the person made choice of, and such was to be the cause of our eternal

D

separation.



separation. The utter ruin of a harmless man, whose sole dependance, as I have said before, was on the public ; and who was from this hour, as it has proved, to be unjustly robbed of its protection, was a matter of no consideration, when compared to the utility of the charge brought against him ; a charge the more infamous, as it ruined, and for ever, two innocent persons : plunged into eternal sorrow, a hitherto happy family ; and which, as there could be no reasonable grounds, could end only in destruction to the one party ; and in sorrow and regret to the other.

As soon as my lesson was over, I went into my dressing-room to prepare for the public concert, where I was engaged that evening to take with me Miss *Eliza Mathews*, since married to my first cousin, Lord Viscount *Galloway*. I perceived that I had lost the note out of my pocket, and ran back into the dining-room to look for it, but it was no where to be found. Mr. *Gooch* had been at home, and left word he should not return to dinner ; on questioning the



the butler, I heard that he looked unusually grave at going out. My heart began to misgive me, and I returned up stairs to finish dressing in the utmost agitation of mind.

I now for the first time of my life, unbofomed myself to my own maid, whom I had brought out of Yorkshire, and of whose fidelity I was assured. I desired her to come to the rooms as soon as she had seen her master, and tell me how he looked. She did so in about an hour; and told me, that he had been at home, and bore the most visible marks of confusion and distress, I knew not what to do; but consulted immediately Monsieur *De la Motte*, the famous violin-player, since dead, and who was then at Bath with *Rauzzini*; he begged I would not hint it to him, 'till his fingering was over; but I soon perceived by his discontented looks, and faltering voice, that Monsieur *Le Motte* had been as communicative, as he had desired me to be silent.

Between



Between the acts, *Rauzzini* and *La Motte* came to me ; and after consulting what was to be done, we agreed to place a confidence in the Miss *Kerr*'s, with whom I was particularly intimate, and who were likewise scholars of *Rauzzini*'s. Miss *Louisa Kerr* mentioned it to Mr. *Shirley*, a gentleman born in Ireland, but who having lived constantly abroad, and being one of the King of Sardinia's guards, his language, manner, and dress, were perfectly foreign : it was agreed by this gentleman, and us all, that I should say this French note was written by him in a joke to Miss *Louisa Kerr*, and given by her to me to keep ; as I observed, it had neither date, signature, nor direction, nor had been even sealed.

On my return, I found Mr. *Goob* at home, who received me with great coldness, and asked me how *Rauzzini* had sung that night ? The consciousness of my own innocence, and the plan we had formed, inspired me with courage, and I was the first to mention the note. I referred him to Miss *Louisa Kerr*,  
and



and he promised me that he would call on her the next morning. Few words, till that time passed between us, when he went out, and about an hour afterwards, sent me a note from his father's, to this effect; " That he had called at Miss *Kerr*'s, but had " seen Mrs. *Kerr* only, who had told him the whole " affair, and added, that I had endeavoured to ruin " her daughter, as well as myself: that having this " proof of my infamy," such was his expression, " he " had resolved on seeing me no more; and that his " family being determined to make the story public, " he advised me to leave Bath immediately, and that " fifty, or a hundred pounds were at my service to " do so."

My amazement on perusing this strange epistle, is rarely to be felt, and never to be described. Every horror rushed upon my mind; every undeserved cruelty seemed to oppress me! My situation took from me the power of reasoning, and, in a state of absolute distraction, hardly knowing what I did, I went, accompanied by my own maid, to Signor *Rauzzini*'s  
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lodgings, to intreat him to clear me up, and to vindicate himself and me against such unmeritted, such unexampled accusations. I found him and Monsieur *De la Motte* together; they very prudently did not suffer me to stay five minutes there, and I returned to my own house, where every ill awaited me. The person who accompanied me, and had then lived with me two years in the capacity of my own maid, is the wife of Mr. *Turner*, horse-dealer, in Oxford-street, and can authenticate having been with me to *Rauzzini's*, and my having never seen him alone.

On my return home, I sent my maid, and several different notes to *Sir Thomas Gooch's*, intreating my husband to come to me, and to hear me. He was deaf to every remonstrance, and his father's servants had orders not to let in any of mine.

Towards evening, an open circulating card was brought me, and the same sent all over Bath; it contained the following words: "An unfortunate affair  
" having happened in *Sir Thomas Gooch's* family, the  
" concert



a concert to be held there on Saturday next, is unavoidably postponed."

Soon after I had received this card, Mr. Gooch came to me, accompanied by his next brother, now the Rev. Dr. Gooch, Archdeacon of Sudbury; he told me that Sir Francis and Lady Sykes, whom I had expected some time, were just arrived; that he had been with them at the Inn, and having told them the story they had instantly set out again for London; that letters were sent off to my mother, in the Isle of Wight, and to the rest of my family, acquainting them that I had forfeited every claim to their affection; that as every thing was become public, it was indispensably necessary that we should part; he added, that I had my choice whether I would retire to a remote part of England, or go to a convent in France, at least till such time as all was blown over.

Young, and inexperienced as I then was, a stranger to misfortune, and never having formed an idea of it—to find myself, at once torn from every tie—forsaken by  
my



my husband, blackened in the eyes of my own family, and of the whole world—separated from my children, who were then on the road from Yorkshire to join me at Bath—no friend, no adviser— it to be supposed that I knew how to judge for myself, and what was fittest for me?

I had but few hours left me to determine, for I was to leave Bath that night, and Mr. *Gooch* had at length consented to accompany me. I chose France. I had never been there, and I repeat again, that I knew not what I was doing. I begged to have my maid with me, which Mr. *Gooch* first consented to, and then denied me; and with only a very small quantity of cloaths, we set off on the 24th of December, 1778, between three and four o'clock in the morning, and in a hired post-chaise for Dover.

So great were Mr. *Gooch*'s apprehensions of being pursued and overtaken by any of my family, that he not only avoided taking any carriage of our own, but also any servant; and we travelled all the way with  
the



the blinds drawn up, without ever stopping, but to change carriages, and not even that in London. On our arrival at Dover, Mr. *Gooch* took a vessel, and we embarked for Calais, where he hired a carriage, and a servant, of Mr. *Payne*, who then kept the Silver Lion there, and now the York House at Dover. The next day, we proceeded to St. Omer's, and from thence to Lille.

Thus was I condemned by the verdict of groundless suspicion, and hurried into France, without a hearing. This precipitate conduct of Mr. *Gooch* cannot but strike the most superficial observer, as originating in extreme cruelty and folly: folly in construing the contents of *Rauzzini's* note into a meaning, which to an unprejudiced mind, they could never bear; and cruelty in sacrificing my happiness, and the peace of my family and friends, to an incident as trivial in its nature, as its effects, by the intervention of malignant motives, were rendered fatal.

Had Mr. *Gooch* possessed the least share of that affection which I was taught to believe induced him to

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solicit



solicit my hand, his heart would have prompted him to act in a very different manner: he would have been anxious for that reputation, the flandering of which could not but reflect disgrace on himself, if he took no method to wipe away the aspersions, or to confirm the truth! But, alas! Mr. *Gooch*'s feelings were not the feelings of a husband; his motives were not the motives of a friend. I was, as I have already intimated, early convinced that my property having been secured as Mr. *Gooch* wished, my person was deemed an incumbrance, and my happiness was to be sacrificed to some private views, which Mr. *Gooch* seems, from the first moment of our connection, to have entertained, and which were totally incompatible with conjugal felicity. Hence, the treatment I received under the roof of his own father; hence the early inclination he discovered to render my domestic life uncomfortable; hence his eagerness to seize the first opportunity, however trivial the occurrence, to render my name infamous, and to free himself from the restraints of a husband. Influenced by motives so base and dishonourable, it was not to be expected that his conduct should



should flow from any sense of right, or any feeling of delicacy. To insure his happiness, it was necessary that mine should expire: and as this could only be effected by my own conduct, a futile, and indeed a ridiculous opportunity was taken to stigmatize that conduct by the breath of Slander: and, extraordinary as it must appear, he who ought to have silenced, blew the trumpet of Calumny.

I am the more particular in this stage of my narration, as the folly and cruelty of Mr. *Gooch*'s conduct must entirely exculpate me, in the eye of Reason, from aspersions *thus* fabricated; and that such conduct was evidently pursued to *force* me into some measures for dissolving that connection from which Mr. *Gooch* wished to derive only pecuniary advantages.

Mr. *Gooch* remained with me ten days at the Hôtel de Bourbon, which time was spent in seeing the town, its different convents and environs. In one of the former, it was intended I should be placed; but the first appearance of the Nuns (so different from any thing



thing I had ever seen) frightened me from all idea of their society, and Mr. *Gooch* took a lodging for me at an apothecary's, named *Boudin*, on the *Grande Place*. He hired two servants for me, a man and a maid, whom he knew nothing of, and staid with me himself a few days in the lodging. He then told me that he must return immediately to England; but promised by all that was sacred, he would come back to me in a few months; that I was his first consideration; and that if he found it absolutely necessary to give up his family, or me, he should not hesitate to sacrifice the former, to live in future happiness with his wife and his children.

The day was now fixed for his departure; his carriage was to be at the door on the opening of the gates the next morning: it came, but my tears, my earnest prayers prevailed, and it was ordered back again till the next. In vain I made use of every intreaty to prevail on Mr. *Gooch* not to forsake me; he seemed to partake of my sorrow, and so great was his agitation the last day he was with me, that I am convinced he

sincerely



sincerely repented what he was doing ; that he thought, as I did, our separation was only for a time, and that he fulfilled his cruel resolution but in absolute compliance with the promises he had given to his family.

The next morning I was less successful than I had been on the former. Mr. *Gooch* gave me thirty guineas, and left me for ever !—For some time a state of absolute stupefaction afforded me relief ; but I was soon awakened from it by the recollection of my situation. I found myself a prey to every horror that the human breast can feel. In a state of distraction, I sent for Madame *Fiquet*, the mistress of the Hôtel de Bourbon, and offered her ten guineas to send off an express to St. Omer, where I knew Mr. *Gooch* was to sleep that night, with a letter from me, representing the agony of my mind, and intreating his speedy return. She had, doubtless, her orders from him, for I could not prevail on her to do so. I am greatly inclined to believe, that had this happened, he would have returned, and left me no more. But it was not to be. My ruin was registered in the book of fate. Providence had permitted



permitted that it should be so, and no attempts of mine could reverse it. Why did not an instantaneous death succeed to those violent commotions of my soul? Why did not the Almighty, in pity, take me to himself, while I was yet but on the brink of fate? while my days were unfulfilled by the force of bad example, and of dangerous connections? while I might have died, lamented, as I had lived, beloved by my family?—Why were all these bright prospects changed to eternal darkness? and what, good God! what had I done, of what had I been guilty, to merit the sum of ills I was born to endure?

But it was time to reflect attentively on my new situation; Mr. *Gooch* was gone, and had left me without other society than my own confused ideas. For some days, grief overpowered me; nor could any thing but the certainty which I then thought I possessed, of being speedily re-united to him, have prevented my sinking under the weight of it.

I now recollected that one of my uncles, Mr. *Charles Mellish*, had resided for some time at Orleans. I wrote him



him an account of what had passed, and begged he would receive me at his house. As he had heard nothing of the affair I mentioned, his answer was expressive of the greatest surprise and uneasiness; he told me, that he would be with me at Lille in a few days after the arrival of his letter; that he would do any thing in his power to assist Mr. *Gooch* and myself, and to be of use to either; but that he could not be a party in so nice an affair. Soon after this, I had the satisfaction of seeing him; Mr. *Mellish* apparently felt for me, and certainly foresaw all that must inevitably happen: but with that timid prudence which prevails in all families, against an unfortunate individual, and I think, particularly in mine, Mr. *Mellish* declined bringing me to England with him, whither he was then going for the purpose of consulting with the rest of my relations on what steps were to be taken.

I continued to receive from Mr. *Gooch*, the kindest and most affectionate letters, written on the road every day, 'till the one on which he arrived at Bath. On that evening, he wrote to me again; but how different  
was



was the style!—how very widely different from those promises he had made me, and which alone supported me in this dangerous hour of trial!—His letter began as follows :

“ Madam !

“ After having informed you that I am safely arrived  
 “ at Bath, and found your children well, it is necessary  
 “ to acquaint you that in consequence of the different  
 “ reports circulated against you, it is impossible for  
 “ me to think of living with you again ; at least for  
 “ two, or three years ; you are your own mistress to  
 “ pass them where you please ; but I should recom-  
 “ mend you to go into a Convent ; where repentance,  
 “ and a future good conduct may at length eradicate  
 “ from the minds of your relations and friends, your  
 “ late highly blameable one, &c. &c”.

The same packet brought me letters from my mother, and my uncles ; they were filled with accusations void of truth, and reproaches I had never deserved : But it is impossible for me to describe the  
 different



different sensations which filled my mind on the receipt of Mr. *Gooch's* unexpected letter. Indignation succeeded to the violence of grief, and every contending passion burst in upon my soul! In the bitterness of my heart, I wrote to him, "that as he had broken his word with me once, a word so solemnly pledged, and in such a dreadful moment, and as by so doing he had entirely annulled the most sacred of engagements, I had come to a cruel, but final determination of never seeing him more! A resolution, strengthened by the most mature deliberation, and from which the whole world should never tempt me to recede, unless he would immediately join me abroad, where all might be well; but that I could not think of returning to England under such circumstances, and that if he did not comply with my request, all further connection should end there."

No sooner had I dispatched this letter, than Nature, exhausted by such rude conflicts, resigned me to repose. A languid fever kept me in my bed, from whence nothing but my youth, and strength of constitution could have relieved me.

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I had



I had hitherto enjoyed my griefs in solitude. The first snare that I was to fall into, was the most dangerous of all, a snare concealed under the mask of friendship.—A gentleman, whom I had seen in Yorkshire, but whose character prevents his returning there, and even his own countrymen from associating with him abroad; together with a lady, who had been for many years parted from her husband; these were my first acquaintance, and to them I owe the last step to my destruction. Their pernicious counsels induced me to reject the injunctions of my mother, and my whole family, who now wrote to me in the most pressing manner to return to them: But how true is the observation, that the first imprudent step imperceptibly leads on to others, 'till by degrees the last is taken, and it is become too late to recede!

The charms of novelty began now to excite my attention; I have already observed, that Mr. *Gooch* had left me in lodgings on the Grande Place, where the beautiful view of the parade, composed of seven regiments, and drawn up their every day, the sound of the martial



martial music which attended them, soon drew me to my windows, from whence I was unfortunate enough to attract the attention of the French officers. Their first inquiries were to learn my name, my situation, and the motives that had brought me to Lille, thus unknown, and unprotected? The answers they received, corresponded with the ideas they had formed; it was universally conjectured that some love affair had brought me there; that the story of the Englishman who had accompanied me, being my husband, and having forsaken me, was a fictitious tale of woe, invented only for the purpose of deceiving the public, but by no means probable enough to persuade it.

Calumny seldom fails of gaining the tribute due to Truth: In this unfortunate affair its shafts were every way pointed against me; Mr. *Goach's* family feared he might repent of the steps he had taken; and during his absence, they had industriously propagated the blackest falsehoods, which had gained credit in the world against his return, that every way his ear might be poisoned, and his good intentions (should he have formed them)

be



be defeated. On Mr. *Gooch's* return to Bath, he found his children arrived there, who were on the road from Yorkshire, at the dreadful moment of our departure: It was probable, that in a heart not absolutely bad, the feelings of a Husband, and of a Father would be awakened at sight of them; the recollection of the situation he had left me in, and the sight of these children, as yet too young to be conscious of their loss; too young to be deprived of a mother's care, must have recalled some tender ideas, and it was necessary those ideas should be repelled by the tongue of Calumny.

Thus was my fame murdered at home, and not a friend appeared to espouse my cause. I received this information from my own family; who, though it was impossible they should believe me innocent under such aspersions, could not but harbour resentment against Mr. *Gooch's*, for the indefatigable pains they took to destroy me. At Lille, I was equally a victim to Slander; I was looked on, and represented as an impostor, and considered only as having assumed my own name. To strengthen this idea, *Lady Charlotte Ratcliffe* gave out



out that she had received a letter from *Lady Dowager Tyrconnell*, assuring her that I was at Brussels with Mr. Gooch, and that I was by no means the person I wished to appear. Lady *Charlotte*, possessing herself neither youth, nor beauty, was happy in an opportunity of injuring those who enjoyed such envied, but mistaken advantages. It was to my milliner, that I owed the knowledge of Lady *Charlotte's* discoveries; I wrote her ladyship a letter, to which she either would not, or more probably could not, reply.

Not a day now past, that I did not receive letters from some of the officers at Lille; nor a night that I was not honoured by serenades under my windows.— I had hitherto declined all visits, nor had been even once out of my house. I accepted at length an invitation from the officers of the Royal Bavarian Regiment, and a ticket from their Colonel, to attend the funeral ceremony of the Elector; for which, neither cost nor magnificence was spared. I hoped (notwithstanding Lady *Charlotte*), that this opportunity of making acquaintance with my countrywomen at Lille,

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would



would not fail to procure me their sanction ; but in that I was equally mortified, and disappointed; a look of contempt, an impertinent stare, was all I received from them. Conscious that my superiority of rank, and hitherto unspotted conduct entitled me to different treatment, I could only suppose Envy to be their guide; and I then, for the first time, remarked with regret, what I have frequently had reason to observe since, that the English abroad, instead of protecting, and assisting each other, are ever the first to distress, to expose, and to hurt them in the opinion of strangers; defeating by those means the purposes for which too many of them are obliged to seek foreign climes, and fly their own.

I was now bereft of every resource but the two former acquaintance I have alluded to; they were the means of drawing me into more, and I was no longer insensible to variety, and that admiration which it was impossible for a young imprudent woman not to obtain, situated as I then was in one of the largest garrison towns of France; in a country where I need not  
say



say the military are remarkable for their gallantry; without other advisers than those, who, fallen themselves, wished to bring me on the same level, and who, alas! but too well succeeded.

The thirty guineas which Mr. *Gooch* had left me, were soon gone, and I now, for the first time of my life, knew the want of money!—Madame *Fiquet*, not hearing from Mr. *Gooch* as he had promised, began to grow importunate, my expences at her house being considerable; to her I am indebted for my first knowledge of pawn-brokers; she put my watch, and two diamond rings I had with me, into the care of one of them. Money, however, soon came from England, and they were redeemed.

I was soon prevailed on to participate the way of life prescribed by my two friends; and I stooped without reluctance to gather the roses which nature seemed to have strewn in my path, without apprehending, or being mindful of the thorns which lay beneath them; I launched into a scene of dissipation,  
and



and pleasure became my law. Sometimes, indeed, a sigh would invade my breast; but it was a sigh of uncertainty and doubt, and was soon suppressed by the idea that all I was then forsaking, would be amply made up to me by those indulgent friends and acquaintance I was forming every hour; their sentiments so entirely corresponded with the notions I then entertained of happiness, and were so foreign to those of austerity and controul, to which I had been accustomed, that I began to congratulate myself on the choice I had made, nor saw the danger 'till I was irrecoverably lost!

My two friends had prevailed on me to accompany them to the play; I did so, and there formed an acquaintance with an officer of the regiment of Anjou, of the name of *Du Buq*. He asked, and obtained leave to visit me; and he soon strengthened my resolution of returning home no more! Fatal resolution!—most fatal in its consequences! Monsieur *Du Buq*'s unremitting assiduities flattered my vanity, nor did I then perceive his motives. His views had every appearance of what the world terms honourable; and in consequence



quence of them, and of my own inclinations, I applied to Mr. *Gooch* to solicit a divorce, in hopes that my marriage with Mr. *Du Buq* would be productive of that domestic happiness to which I have ever aspired, without being able to obtain. Mr. *Gooch* seconded my desire, and a short time after, wrote to beg that I would follow the instructions I should receive from Mr. *Woodcock*, of Lincoln's-Inn, whom he had employed as his solicitor in this affair.

I received by every packet letters from this Mr. *Woodcock*, and was at length apprized by them of the departure of some of Mr. *Gooch*'s servants for Lille; who had also received instructions on their side, to obtain from me the proofs of criminality, necessary towards the obtaining a final dissolution of our marriage.

Shortly after, Mr. *Gooch*'s own servant, accompanied by his wife, who was head-nurse to my children, and the same interpreter that Mr. *Gooch* first hired on our arrival at Calais, and who had returned with him, arrived at Lille; but I must not attempt to describe the



bitterness of my feelings, on seeing my own servants sent to me on such an errand!—My heart was torn with anguish, and I would have sacrificed all, nay, even life itself had it been possible, to have been to them what I was before!—I must also do justice to them, for they were almost equally affected; it was a scene of agony and woe that was too much for me, and which I never should have supported, but through the sollicitations of the French officer, and my other acquaintance. They represented to me the folly of my not acceding to what I had myself desired; of the impropriety there would be in having gone such lengths, without the intention of pursuing them; of the impossibility I was now under of being re-united to Mr. *Gooch*; and of the necessity under which I now lay, of suppressing every finer feeling.

Delicacy forbids my entering into particulars of the request made to me; the bare suspicion of it was sufficient to overthrow the intended purpose in the House of Lords; a suspicion so highly reprobated by the Chancellor, as to occasion the very means employed



facilitate the divorce, being the most effectual to prevent it; for how could a man, who was not lost to every sense of honour and humanity, solicit from his wife proofs of open and avowed adultery, send his own servants and hers, to witness them; and how could Mr. *Woodcock*, so far forget the duties of his profession, as to be aiding and abetting in the ruin of an imprudent, but a helpless, an injured woman?

The servants delivered me up a trunk which contained all my wearing apparel; my jewels, Mr. *Goock* thought proper to keep; he also deprived me of my father's and mother's pictures, which I wore to pearl bracelets, and which I have never been able to recover. He mentioned in his letter that it was at my mother's particular request, he had kept them; that she thought me unworthy the having them in my possession; on my writing to her, and complaining of her unkindness, she assured me that it was without her knowledge they were taken from me.

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In this trunk was a suit of cloaths I had worked for Mr. Gooch, and a miniature picture of myself set in a ring, which he had constantly worn. I was desirous to deliver up all the letters I had received from him since our separation, which I most imprudently did, not knowing at that time, of what use they might be in future to me.

This is all I ever received from Mr. Gooch.—All the plate, and a great part of the household linen I left with him, had been the property of my father; these, together with my harpsichord, piano-forte, music, books, and papers, which were all my own, were never returned me, though he repeatedly promised that they should be sent to me.

The servants having executed their commission, returned to England; and shortly after I came to England myself. My first visit was to Mr. Woodcock, who supplied me with money, of which I was then destitute. He had frequently mentioned in his letters the indispensable necessity there was, on my coming of age



age, an event which had just taken place, of my signing a paper which he had prepared, and which he told me was to suffer a Recovery of my estates in Nottinghamshire; which, by cutting off the intail on Lord *Galloway*, empowered the sale of those estates, and would consequently bring in an additional income from four, to five hundred a year, which he told me, would be equally divided between Mr. *Gooch* and myself, during our joint lives; he likewise told me, that he did not conceive his taking equally Mr. *Gooch's* interest, and mine to be improper; but asked me if I chose to mention any other gentleman of the law to act for me?—Mr. Woodcock knew perfectly well that I had no friend in England, or indeed any where else, and he even lamented his knowledge of that in one of his letters to me. It was not then likely to suppose, that, under these circumstances, and with my youth, and inexperience of the world, I should counteract any design of Mr. *Woodcock's*, or give even one single thought to my own interest. Happy indeed would it have been, had I formed an idea how much an adviser was become necessary!—but I

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was deceived, as I may say, by my own free will and consent, and having no duplicity or guile in my own character, it was impossible for me to learn before experience had taught me, what it was to be the victim of them in others !

I signed the paper at Mr. *Woodcock's* by his desire ; without any other knowledge of it, than seeing Mr. *Gooch's* name above my own, which he had previously subscribed ; and I am to this hour a total stranger to its contents. I can only say, that I have never heard farther mention of the sale of my estate, nor of the additional income that was promised me.

But from this period, every thing began to wear a new face ; I had certainly expended in France more money than was necessary, and which I was only beginning to learn the use of, and it was necessary to make me a regular allowance. Mr. *Woodcock* was totally changed in his conduct towards me since I had signed that paper : like the serpent in Paradise, “ having prevailed on the woman,” his business was done,  
and



and it was unnecessary to wear the mask any longer. On my going to his chambers the very next morning, he received me with a coolness I had never before perceived in him ; and told me that a very small allowance was more than sufficient for the encouragement of vice; that Mr. *Gooch* had *generously* consented to allow 200l. a year, under the present circumstances, during his, and my mother's joint lives ; that I should receive 100l. per annum, in addition, if I survived my mother, and 400l. per annum, jointure, if I survived him.

Soon after this, I returned to Lille, and was paid 50l. on the next quarter day, and 50l. on every future one, by the hands of Messrs. *Hoare*. At that time I was prepossessed with the idea, that the next meeting of Parliament would settle the dissolution of my marriage, and that few months would unite me to Monsieur *Du Buq* ; but in this I was disappointed ; the bill was not brought forward that session, which, as it has proved in the end, was a most happy circumstance for me !

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I was still in correspondence with my family ; but I no longer possessed a home to which I could by right lay a claim ; my mother and my grand-mother offered to receive me at their houses ; but it was as a repentant sinner, not as an injured child ! My heart was cruelly divided ; I wished to return to them, but the idea of being received with reproaches, and the equally mortifying idea of becoming a dependant on their bounty, was a consideration my spirit could not brook. On the other hand I was restrained by the solicitations of those whom I then considered to be my friends ; and by a still more powerful advocate, by a man to whom I now looked up for protection, and for whose sake I had at length determined to sacrifice every worldly good !

The letters of an absent, and already offended family were but weak considerations, when opposed to the prayers of what I then believed to be pure, and disinterested affection ; a few months convinced me how fatally I had been mistaken, but it was then too late, and

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I was now become as blamable, as I had been hitherto unfortunate.

This was the first lesson I had received from experience, to beware of the artifice, the duplicity of mankind; but it was not a sufficient one for me; I was to have many more before I could have been persuaded to believe, that few, very few think as I do; whose hearts are open to the distresses of the unhappy, and who are incapable to deceive, and to betray; I have been ever a victim to cruelty and dishonour; but I have, nevertheless, the consciousness of knowing, that my fate, though most unfortunate, has served to light me to an elevation of sentiment, which the sordid mind can never possess!

To a mind unprejudiced against me—to a mind that will attentively reflect on the situation in which I then was, it must evidently appear, that it was almost impossible for me to avoid that impending ruin which had been long suspended over my head! What could I do?—with these ideas, and my natural levity of disposition,

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position,



position, I could not avoid plunging deeper into destruction, till I had lost sight of the path by which I should ever be likely to return, and till the remainder of my days were consigned to misery, and to perpetual repentance!

The next acquaintance I formed at Lille, was with the Baron *d'Artbaud*, an officer in the regiment of the Cuirassiers; all that could please and captivate the mind were united in him. A fine figure, a pleasing address, and every elegant accomplishment were certainly his: yet still I will venture to affirm, that had the Baron possessed only the common arts of Seduction, he would not have been dangerous for me; so deeply wounded was my heart by the first, nay the only attachment it had formed; so cruelly had I been deceived by Monsieur *Du Bug's* mercenary conduct, that I will venture to affirm the Baron never would have succeeded him in my affections, had he made choice of any other plea for his own, than the sanction of pity for my sufferings, ardent offers of future protection, and of real disinterested friendship.

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The time for the Baron's leave of absence from his regiment being arrived, he left me at Lille, with a promise of very soon returning; he went to his mother's at Toul, in Lorraine, from whence he wrote to beg that I would immediately leave Lille, and consent to go for the present, to a convent at Nancy, for the purpose of being near him. I immediately complied with his request. I was to pass through Toul, in my way to Nancy; on my arrival at the inn there, I sent for the Baron, who directly came to me in his mother's name, who begged to see me at her house.

I have frequently remarked in the different incidents of my life, that whenever any thing unhappy is to befall me, a certain presentiment seems to announce it! It did so at this juncture; for although I was received at the Baroness *D'Arthaud's*, by herself and her son, with every demonstration of kindness, a certain something whispered in the voice of sorrow, and bade me not be happy in the residence the Baroness had proposed, and insisted on my making at her house.

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I now wrote with confidence to all my own family; and received answers from them expressive of their satisfaction at knowing me, under the sanction of a Woman of Credit and Fashion, whose wishes seemed so entirely to correspond with those of the Baron, and my own, for a speedy conclusion of our marriage. The Baroness had written to, and received letters from my uncles; she had also employed different persons to get from England the most exact informations on the subject of my future fortune; but of this latter circumstance, I was then ignorant. I passed four months at her house; and during the last two, received no answers to the letters I sent to my family; this I had afterwards reason to account for. Madame *D'Arthaud*, finding that my fortune, nor any part of it, was at my own disposal, not only forbade me her house, and her son any farther intercourse with me, but had infamy enough to invent, and to communicate to my family, the most atrocious falsehoods on the subject of my conduct at her house, as an excuse for the unnatural, and unmerited inhumanity of her own.

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I prepared for my departure to England; but not all the unkindness, and the threats of the Baroness towards her son, could persuade him to desist from his resolution of accompanying me to Calais. We accordingly left his exasperated mother, and travelled in a small cabriolet of his; which not being able to convey my trunks, I left them at her house, with directions for Calais, where the Baroness was to send them. She promised to do so, but from that time to this, I have never received any of them: She informed her son, that she had kept them for the purpose of reimbursing the expences I had occasioned her. A large diamond ring, the gift of my mother on my marriage, which I had left in pledge at Lille, I had a little before sent money to redeem, and had recommended it to the care of an officer in the Baron's regiment; that ring was, as he says, sent to me at Toul, but I never have heard more of it since.

The Baron remained with me some time at Calais; and we both joined in intreating my uncles, to forward the means of the divorce. A deficiency being

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found in the former witnesses, others were immediately sent to Calais; and great care was ordered to be taken of their having no intercourse with me. One of them, being an old maid servant of my own, I could not avoid seeing and conversing with. They took with them to England a cook-maid, belonging to the house at Calais, where I lodged with the Baron. But all these manœuvres proved ineffectual: the bill was thrown out, and I was thrown upon the world again, without any guide but my own imprudence, or having the chance of making up by a second marriage, the miseries resulting to me from the first.

The Baron was obliged to return to his regiment; but engaged me before he went, to take an apartment for three months in the convent of the Benedictines, at Calais; I accordingly did, and he left me there; but took, previous to his departure, my watch, which was enriched with diamonds, and two diamond rings, I constantly wore; fearing, he said, that my generosity of temper, would induce me to part with them in favour of some female friends I might acquire in the Convent;



Convent; he never thought proper, or perhaps could not in future, restore them to me.

The life I was obliged to lead in the convent, was ill adapted to my taste; nor could I long withstand the temptations of a fair wind, and vessels sailing for England. I left the convent, and came over. Would I had never done so, since the steps I then took, have proved the most fatal of my life, and have for ever shut up against me, the doors of my own family!

A few days after my arrival in London, I was visited by two of my uncles, Mr. Charles Mellish, and Doctor Hallifax; the latter, kindly conducted me to his house, where I might have passed the remainder of my days, had I chosen it, in peace, and comfort; I had written to the Baron on my arrival; and had pledged my honour to return to him; alas! I but too solemnly gave, and fulfilled it; in short, I clandestinely left the house of my protecting uncle. I know not what name to give to this most unhappy proceeding; it was not ingratitude, for my heart has been ever a stranger to

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its dictates, and it smote me at the moment I did so; it was not indifference to a reconciliation with my family; but it was blindness, it was infatuation; it was a want of courage, and of resolution to sacrifice *Him*, who did not fail to sacrifice *Me*, when he was convinced, like his mother, that I had no longer a fortune at my disposal!

On my return to Calais, I wrote to the Baron, requesting to see him; his answer was expressive of anger at the journey I had taken; and every succeeding letter was filled with indifference, but not of love; I wrote to beg he would return my watch, and other things; the former, I have since learnt, had been sold, as soon as received, to an officer of his regiment; the remaining articles doubtless shared a similar fate.

Various and unfortunate are the circumstances that have since occurred, and marked the train of events which have rapidly succeeded to each other; not one of which but has been a source of sorrow and disquiet to myself; I have been continually the dupe of treacherous

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ous lovers, false friends, and worthless acquaintance ; those, who have appeared most zealous to serve me, have been almost constantly the first to deceive, and to betray ! Of this number, I cannot avoid mentioning one person, as a caution to whoever puts confidence in the most plausible appearances of disinterested friendship.—

A Mr. *Philip Ryan*, formerly a merchant, who now resides at Valenciennes, and with whom I most unfortunately acquainted there, seemed to entertain for me the purest sentiments of pity and esteem ; I placed in him that unlimited confidence, which should be the reward only of years of trial, but which it has ever been my misfortune to grant to every specious appearance. Mr. *Ryan* lent me a sum of money, in exchange for drafts for my quarterly payments, which were regularly paid. In the beginning of the year 1785, I was under many embarrassments in London ; I informed Mr. *Ryan* of them by letter, who returned me for answer, that his own affairs would have called him to England within a few months ; but that the difficulties of mine, had determined him on setting out immediately, to assist me, as far as was in his power, with

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his purse, and his advice. He accordingly came; but the purity of his sentiments were soon converted from that disinterestedness I expected, and desired. He proposed to me a plan of life, which was by no means suitable to my inclinations, and my telling him so was productive of the most violent hate, succeeding to that sincere friendship which I thought I had found only in him.

Mr. *Ryan*, on his leaving England, told me, I was indebted to him 26l. and desired I would give him my note of hand for the money. I did so, after having given him previously an order on a Mr. *Stival*, a merchant at Dunkerque, who was keeping for me three trunks, containing all I had collected, and possessed, of any value in the world; I desired Mr. *Ryan* to take care of them 'till my return. Arriving at Dunkerque, I found he had placed them at the house of a Mr. *Greville*, a wine merchant, who resides there; and on my demanding them, I found to my great astonishment, that Mr. *Ryan* had stopt them for my note of hand; and although I have repeatedly offered him



him a fresh note, and security to have them again, I have never been able to recover them. These trunks contained a large collection of manuscript books and music, for which I would not have taken, in any moment of distress, two hundred pounds.

It was in that same year, that Mr. *Gooch* and Mr. *Woodcock*, both wrote to me; to inform me, that the education of my children becoming more expensive, Mr. *Gooch* had determined on taking off fifty pounds a year, from the two hundred I had till then enjoyed, and that he should continue to do so during four years, in which time he should have an estate in Norfolk belonging to himself, disengaged, and he would then return it to me. This alteration took place on the first of August, 1785; when, in drawing, as usual, a note on Mess. *Hoare*, for fifty pounds, I was answered, that I had henceforwards the privilege of demanding no more than thirty-seven pounds, ten shillings per quarter; this has continued ever since; and to embarrass my circumstances still more, I am not permitted to have any kind of security for the payment  
even



even of this, one day before it becomes due; notwithstanding that one hundred pounds per annum, is settled on me for pin money, by marriage articles. Mr. *Gooch* will not suffer the banker to accept, or even say that he will pay any draft of mine; in this, he has been perfectly seconded by Mess. *Hoare*, from their not chusing to give a satisfactory account of the certainty of my payments, to any person inclined to serve me, and who refers to them.

Thus is every stratagem employed to persecute me still farther, in hopes to obtain an excuse in the eyes of the world, for premeditated, for cruel injustice, and oppression! No pains have been spared to ruin, and crush me for ever; and sorry I am to say, that my family, if it has not laboured at my undoing, has of late years been silent on the subject of my unparalleled wrongs: How far Mr. *Gooch* can answer to this, I leave to the heart's best monitor, his own conscience, to determine. He has torn me from every tie; he has blackened me in the eyes of the world, and of my family, and thus for ever deprived me of  
their



heir protection; he has divided me from my children, and robbed them of that tender care, a mother best can give; every tender connection, every social tie he has now dissolved; and in plunging me into sorrow, disgrace, and infamy, he has still left me, though surrounded by wretchedness, that triumph, which the consciousness of integrity bestows, and which it is not in the power of a whole host of foes to take away.

I have been accused as an unnatural daughter, and mother: Can my mother, can my children prove me to be so? That pure, that heartfelt affection I ever felt for the only remaining author of my being, has long since turned into the deepest of my wounds. Had I been in her situation, and she in mine, I would have renounced every wordly, every little consideration, and flown to the assistance of my child, to save her from destruction. Had my mother done this, when Mr. *Gooch* left me at Lille, my every pang had been spared; for where is there a heart, which although led away by the blandishments of pleasure, and transient gratification, could still be so lost, so irrecoverably

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bad,



bad, as to withstand a mother's pleadings, an only parent's tears?

My children may be deceived into a persuasion, that I am an unnatural mother; but have I been permitted to prove to them the contrary? From the year 1778, that I was forced from them, 'till the year 1782, it was out of my power to see them, and even to know where they were; at that time I learnt they were at a school at Walthamstowe. I went there and saw them. It is needless to dwell on the sensations which at that moment filled my eyes with tears, and my heart with the most unutterable anguish; sensations, which every bosom would feel under such circumstances, and in such a situation! But as I was totally ignorant what was their knowledge respecting myself, I thought it necessary to conceal from them who I was, 'till I had gained farther information. On questioning my eldest boy about his mother, he informed me, she was in France; I found they knew that I existed, and at our next interview, I determined to discover myself to them.

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Their young minds were unconscious how much feverer were the pangs I felt on thus seeing them, than those moments when first I wakened them into life ! They saw me with a childish, and artless fondness, and wished for me to stay with them ; I promised to return on the Sunday following ; and when I did so, the mistress of the school told me with tears in her eyes, that Mr. *Gooch* had been there, and left absolute orders that I should see them no more ; she kindly added, that the sincere interest she took in my situation, and the impatient desire my boys had expressed to see me again, had determined her on suffering it should be so ; but I did not mean to injure her for her goodness, and after having affectionately kissed, and bid them adieu, I left them, with a promise to her that I would not return.

I patiently supported this instance of cruelty, in the hope, which has never forsaken me, that I shall at least once more before my last hour, press them to my breast, with all the transports of unrestrained maternal affection ; should even this last looked for blessing be denied my heart,



heart, Nature will, I trust, when I am gone, plead powerfully in their's, and in a mother's cause.

'Till within the last eighteen months, the walls of a prison were still unknown to me; it was in 1786, that I was at Lille, in the utmost embarrassment. I wrote to intreat my family would advance me a sufficient sum of money to release me from the credit I found there, and so dearly paid; but all was ineffectual; not even letters sent to them from Lille, by some of the most respectable of its inhabitants, could induce them to relieve me; a long fit of illness, occasioned by real grief and disappointment, kept me confined above two months in bed, where I was without money, or resource of any kind. I had not gained strength sufficient to leave the house, when I was arrested for upwards of three hundred pounds, and conveyed to a prison, whose least horror was in its name,

It was in the month of October, and the season most rigorous, when I was taken out of a sick room, and placed in a garret, where there was no fire-place, and a  
miserable



miserable bed on a stone floor; in the anti-chamber, leading to it, there was a grate, and the furniture of it consisted of the different engines and implements made use of for the horrid purpose of the rack, and executions. The door of this anti-chamber, was double ironed, and barred, and was locked from five in the afternoon, till ten in the morning; during which length of time, it was impossible for me to see, or speak with any one; and the rooms were at the farther end of the house, out of the reach of assistance, or the hearing of any human beings, except the criminals, whose dungeons were the only prospect my double-barred chamber window commanded.

Thus was I confined upwards of two months, without any other society than a profusion of enormous rats, who came to plunder my miserable shelf. My family when apprized of my being there, ordered a Banker to pay me two guines a week during the time of my confinement, but they never meant to release me, and I am to thank providence who sent a stranger to deliver me from a situation, the idea of which would be sufficient to melt with pity the most obdurate heart.

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Since



Since my return to England, a twelvemonth ago, I have been arrested for the same money, which relieved me from Lille; that, added to other debts I contracted several years ago in England, now detains me in the Fleet Prison; where, oppressed by Mr. Gooch, forsaken by my family, and destitute of friends, I am ignorant whether he is not answerable for my debts if I have no regular settlement, or if it is not fitting that I should have one to support me as a gentleman's daughter, and adequate to the fortune which I brought. Obligated as I have been, and still am, to make away with every thing on which I can raise a single shilling, without even the power of borrowing a few guineas on a future quarter; subject to every insult which the want of money seems to authorize; my health fallen a prey to my situation, without one single comfort the world can give; it is not to be wondered at that I have long and sincerely wished a happy release from every pang, convinced as I must be, that I have no farther happiness to expect on earth!—I am drawing near (and I rejoice at it) this period of all my woes! My family will perhaps, when it is too late, lament



lament their unkindness—they will allow with all those who knew me, that a too great liberality of mind has been my undoing, and they will wish they had been less severe !

The justice I am now about to solicit from the laws of my country, is the effect of absolute necessity; and not, as may be supposed, that of a resentment which my heart never felt. I wish it was in my power to extricate myself without having recourse to those laws; but it is impossible. I have long and ineffectually tried if the picture of real woe could not influence my family to release me from a situation which must reflect dishonour on themselves: In the first two years of my separation, they endeavoured it; I was then blinded by my own folly, and the only aggressor. I am far from vindicating my subsequent conduct: it has been highly blameable and improper; its evil consequences, however, have been all my own; and though others have drawn down ruin on me, none can ascribe to me the diminution of their happiness. Thus have I been for several years tost on a tumultuous  
 sea—



sea—driven by its storms from one kingdom to another, without even the hope of a calm, or a wish, but in death! My only consolation is derived from the consciousness that my misfortunes did not originate with myself. I have been compelled by the avarice of some, and the insidiousness of others, to act in opposition to the dictates of my own heart. But I harbour no resentment against the first authors of my unmerited sufferings; and hope to find that lenity from the world which I am inclined to extend to those by whose artifices I have been deprived of all the blessings attendant on birth, fortune, and innocence. I cannot conclude, without expressing a hope, that this address will remove some of those prejudices which ignorance and malignity have raised against me; and that my name may be remembered with pity, rather than with indignation, when I become an inhabitant of those realms “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

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THE END.